

Troilus and Cressida.

He send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him
To inuite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sicke withall;
To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; Enter *Thersites*.
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so?

Ther. Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*,
and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckon-
ning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should
say, there were wit in his head and two'd out; and so
there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not shew without knocking. The mans vn-
done for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' com-
bat, heele breake himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes
not mee: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replies,
thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man,
that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very
land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of o-
pinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he pro-
fesses not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in's armes: I will put on his prefence; let *Pa-
troclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-
ant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him, I humbly desire the
valiant *Ajax*, to inuite the most valorous *Hector*, to come
vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his
person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fixe or
seauen times honour'd Capitaine, Generall of the Grecian
Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. Ioue bleesse great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patro. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patro. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector*
to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patro. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patro. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patro. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patro. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for
me ere he has me.

Patro. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will
be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know
not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his

sinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him
straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the
more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere
againe, that I might water an Ass at it: I had rather be a
Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore *Aeneas* with a Torch, at another
Paris, *Diophobus*, *Antenor*, *Diomed* the
Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Dioph. It is the Lord *Aeneas*.

Aene. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long

As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly businesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Aeneas.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Aeneas*, take his hand,
Winne the proesse of your speech within;
You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Aene. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As hea't can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By Ioue, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humane gentlenesse:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchises* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I sweare,
No man aloue can loue in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathize. Ioue let *Aeneas* liue
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Aene. We know each other well.

Diom. We doe, and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most, despightful'ft gentle greeting;
The noblest hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What businesse Lord so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greeke
To *Calchas*'s house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Antenor*, the faire *Cressida*:

Lers haue your company; or if you please,
Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.

Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We shall be much vnwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Cressida* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Troilus and Cressida.

Par. There is no helpe:

The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.

On Lord, weele follow you.

Aene. Good morrow all.

Exit *Aeneas*

Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,

Euen in the soule of sound good fellow ship,

Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?

My selfe, or *Meneclaus*?

Diom. Both alike.

He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,

Not making any scruple of her soylure,

With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.

And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,

Not palliating the taste of her dishonour,

With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:

He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:

You like a lecher, out of whorish loynes,

Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:

Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,

But heas he, which heauier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Diom. Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me *Paris*,

For euery false drop in her bawdy veines,

A Grecians life hath funke: for euery scruple

Of her contaminated carrion weight,

A Trojan hath becue slaine. Since she could speake,

She hath not giuen so many good words breath,

As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.

Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this vertue well;

Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.

Here lyes our way.

Exeunt.

Enter *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

Tro. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Tro. Trouble him not:

To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy senses,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. I priethee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me?

Tro. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day

Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,

And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too briefe. (stays,

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of loue,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought:

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Priethee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;

O foolish *Cressida*, I might haue still held off,

And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?

Tro. It is your Vnckle.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:

I shall haue such a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?

Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Cressida*?

Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:

You bring me to doo--and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:

What haue I brought you to doe?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be
good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chippoclas*, ha!
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe: a bug-beare take him.

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt i'th'

head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:

You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are decei'd, I thinke of no such thing.

How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in.

Pan. I would not for halfe Troy haue you seene here.

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate

downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Aene. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there my Lord *Aeneas*? by my troth I

knew you not: what newes with you so early?

Aene. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Aene. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:

It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be

sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should

he doe here?

Aene. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him

wrong, ere yare ware: youle be so true to him, to be

false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch

him hither, goe.

Enter *Troilus*.

Tro. How now, what's the matter?

Aene. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand,

Paris your brother, and *Diophobus*,

The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*

Deliu'd to vs, and for him forth-with,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,

We must giue vp to *Diomed*'s hand

The Lady *Cressida*.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Aene. By *Priamus*, and the generall state of Troy,

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mocke me;

I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Aeneas*,

We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Aene. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature

Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. Exeunt.

Enter *Pandarus* and *Cressida*.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell
take *Antenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
vpon *Antenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?

gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am

aboue.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prythee ge'th in: would thou had'st nere been

borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gen-

tleman: a plague vpon *Antenor*.

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Cres. Good